

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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OCTOBER, 1928

No. 10

“Father Into Thy Hands I Command My Spirit”

“Father now into Thy Hands
My spirit I command.”
The dying Savior spake these words
In prelude to the end.
The broken Heart shall soon be still—
Faithful to the Father’s Will.

Gently now the shadows fall—
Heavenly rest is nigh.
Angel voices softly call
To Thee from on high.
Go, Dear Lord, the work is o’er,
Rest Thee on the farther shore.
Free Thyself from grief and pain;
‘Tis sufficient now.
Grant us but Thy love to gain—
Lord Thou knowest how.
Be it ours at length to rest
Safely on Thy gentle breast.

All our sin to Thee is known—
Jesus dying here—
Thou has bought us for Thine own
With each precious tear.
Hear us now, in grief we cry,
Thou who are about to die.

We would whisper to Thee, Lord,
E’er Thine Eye doth close,
That we love Thy Wounds ador’d
Gentle Heart repose!
Humbly kneeling at Thy Feet
All for Thee each heart shall beat.

Here in gratitude we kneel
At Thy dying Side.
Suppliant our last appeal—
Lord with us abide.
Till our life is past away
Lost in everlasting day.

—*Brother Reginald, C.S.S.R.*

Father Tim Casey

ON THE LAY APOSTOLATE

C. D. MCENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

A half-dozen young men were lounging about the room when Father Casey stepped in.

"Here's the priest. Hands up, everybody. Remember, resistance is dangerous!" Saying which, Diehl sprang to his feet and clawed at the ceiling, while several others laughingly followed his example.

"Now boys, this is going to hurt a little," the pastor murmured. "You had ample time to procure an anesthetic. I warned you last Sunday that I was coming to get your contributions."

"This holdup is for the benefit of the Chinks, if I remember rightly."

"No," Bauer contradicted, "it is for those black babies down in Madagascar."

"For both," returned the priest, "and for many, many other babies. This is the annual collection for the home and foreign missions. In a word, the funds will be used to help bring to the light and grace of God anybody in the world that has been estranged from Him—it matters not whether they live in Afganistan or Albany, whether they are Protestants, Jews or bad Catholics."

"Come on, boys," said Diehl, "the cause is worth while; let us make our contributions worth while." Then he skinned a five dollar bill from his roll and, with a generous flourish passed it to the priest. The others did the same; six men, five dollars each; thirty dollars in two minutes! They looked for Father Tim to swoon for joy. But he merely smoothed out the bills and put them into his wallet, saying:

"I thank you, boys; your little offering will prove a welcome help to some poor missionary."

This was too much for Cassidy. "Little offering, me eye! What was you expectin'—the deed to a farm?"

And Diehl added: "You are well-nigh overcome by our unprecedented generosity.; you know you are, Father Tim, but you don't want to admit it."

"I admit," replied the priest, "you are not rich men. I suppose now you do not earn more than six or seven dollars a day."

"Seven and a half," Diehl replied.

"Seven and a half," said the priest. "Five is two-thirds of seven and a half. Every year you work two-thirds of a day for the conversion of the world. Er—yes—yes—that is something."

"Do you expect us to give half our salary for the Home and Foreign Missions?"

"Even though you were to give all of it, you would not be showing a proper appreciation of the gift of faith. Don't try to satisfy such a solemn obligation by the paltry gift of money; give yourself, give your time, give your service."

"I am not a priest. I am a layman."

"Therefore, do a layman's work for the spread of the faith. Take your proper part in the Lay Apostolate."

"What do you mean by that, Father?"

"I mean what the words themselves express—the work a layman does for the souls of his neighbors."

"Oh, I guess I am not such a saint as to go in for that kind of thing."

"Who dispensed you from it?"

"Who dispensed me!"

"That is what I said. Who dispensed you from the obligation of doing all in your power to save the souls of your neighbors from eternal damnation?"

"Am I respon—? Well, yes, I guess I ought to be doing my bit."

"You started to say something different," accused the priest.

"You are right, Father. I started to say, 'Am I responsible for my neighbor's soul?' Then I remembered Cain, the murderer, said that. I do not want to put myself in his class."

"Every man that has no concern for his neighbor's soul is in Cain's class."

"That gives a guy a new slant," commented Cassidy. "Kinda looks like we have to sign up for that Lay Apostolate whether we cotton to it or not."

"Would you mind telling us, Father Tim, just how to go about this work of the Lay Apostolate?" Diehl asked.

"I know no better way of making the matter clear than by giving you a few examples. For instance—"

The good priest's "for instance" got no further. A loud chorus of

greetings killed it in the bud. "Hullo, Jim." "Atta boy, Jim!" "Jim, you big bum, wotchabindoon?"

Clearly "Jim" was a favorite. He gave back greeting for greeting, banter for banter. Suddenly he espied Father Casey and was at his side in a moment.

"Happy days, Father Tim!" he cried. "I have been yearning for the sight of you."

The priest received the newcomer with a smile of appreciation, but muttered in mock agony: "Oh, you heartless slave-driver! What additional work have you been mapping out for your overworked pastor?"

"This is an easy one, Father. Just a poor strayed sheep bleating to be back in the fold. All I ask is that you take the key and let him in. I am afraid to wait until next Saturday for fear the devil might lead him deeper into the thicket. Suppose I drag him over to the rectory tomorrow evening at eight-thirty, couldn't you hear his confession and let him consort with the good sheep?"

"Bravo, Jim, bring him around. But, say, what about your apostolic methods? Are they not sometimes rather—er—pugilistic?"

"Meaning which?"

"You know that little shoemaker down on Hickory Street, who nearly kills his wife every time he gets intoxicated. I have tried dozens of times to make him swear off, but to no avail. The other evening he comes into the rectory of his own accord and asks for the pledge for life. I couldn't help asking the cause, and what do you think he said? 'That big bully of a Jim Brode told me that if I put it off another day he'd beat me up, and by gar, he would!'"

The young man laughed. "Father Tim, any man that abuses his wife is a coward, and we are always safe in threatening to beat up a coward if he does not do what we want!"

"How about those two orphans that were taken over by their Protestant grandmother?"

"I believe their case is settled," returned Jim. "The old vixen didn't trust me any more than a horse thief. However, I kept calling and bringing remedies for her blood pressure until now she regards me as a long-lost son. When I finally told her I was afraid she would never recover with the constant worry of those two young children in the house, she herself asked me if I could get them placed in a genteel

family. Tomorrow morning I am taking them to Gorley's where they will be well cared for and their faith will be safe."

"That architect you brought around for instruction," said the priest, "is going to make an excellent Catholic. He certainly had set prejudices. How did you manage to land him?"

"He was on a job for our firm. I knew what a bitter anti-Catholic he was. Every time I went to his office I wore my Holy Name button. That bit of bronze hypnotized him—he just couldn't keep his eyes off it. When he ought to be talking plans and specifications, he was discussing religion. He gave me some objections that were stunners. When I did not know the answer, I asked for a few day's time. I will say this for him, whenever he got a logical explanation, he accepted it. Finally, one day he struck the desk with his fist and said, 'Brode, I've been a jackass long enough; bring me to that priest of yours and tell him to try to make a decent Catholic of me.' He was keeping company with an excellent young lady at the time. I'll bet he talked more religion than love to her, for she entered the Church before they were married, and now they are one of the best Catholic couples in their parish."

"Good boy, Jim!" cried the priest. "More power to you."

"But now, let me tell you my prize case," said the young man. "You know, Father Tim, it gives a fellow new pep to come and report to you. Our second vice-president took me along when he made his last tour of the plants throughout the country. He is a strict Baptist—at home. The first Sunday we were away, I asked him whether he had located a Baptist Church. He said he did not know the city well enough, and, if he went to church while he was home, that ought to be enough, and he was tired and needed the sleep anyway. I told him I wasn't going to be seen riding around the country with a heathen. If he wouldn't go to the trouble of finding his own church, he would have to come to Mass with me. He said, all right. Next morning, when I called him, he complained that his head ached and he had decided to stay in. I kept at him. He swore considerable, but at last he got up and came along for peace' sake. I was surprised to learn it was the first time in his life he had entered a Catholic Church. He was as much interested as a child with a new toy. During the rest of the trip I did not have to coax him; he came of his own accord. In fact, it got so he was calling me to be in time for Mass, instead of my calling

him. He lives out near the Redemptorist Monastery, and I have arranged with one of the Fathers to take him there tonight to begin instructions." This reminded him to glance at his watch. "Heavenly days!" he shouted, snatching up his cap and bolting for the door, "I should be there now. So long, everybody. See you all in jail."

After the roar of Brode's motor had died away in the distance, Father Casey took up the thread of his discourse.

"Let me see, boys, I was just about to explain what is meant by the Lay Apostolate when that disturbance of the peace broke in on us. The Lay Apostolate is that—"

"Aw, Father Tim," Cassidy interrupted, "don't rub it in. The Lay Apostolate is—Jim Brode. And it made us pikers feel like a plugged nickel to hear the manly way he spreads the faith while we slink around apologizin' for being Catholics and beggin' the Masons and Kluxers to please let us live!"

KEEP ON JUMPING

A story is told of an ambitious young man who approached a great merchant and inquired:

"May I ask you the secret of success?"

"There is no secret," replied the merchant. "You just jump at your opportunity."

"But how can I tell when my opportunity is here?" continued the young man.

"You can't," snapped the merchant. "You've got to keep on jumping."

PAIN

Come with thy piercing arrows,
Thou myrmidon of Death,
I scoff in fevered torture,
And laugh with labored breath.
Not all they vaunted power,
My spirit can enslave:
I hail thee as the herald
Of life beyond the grave.

The Peddler of Aberdeen

THE ROSARY

During the penal times in Scotland a venerable Bishop lived incognito in the city of Aberdeen. He went from time to time to visit some Catholic families living at a distance from the town. To gain access to his little band of faithful disciples the good Bishop assumed the disguise of an ordinary peddler. In a pack he carried little booklets, thread and needles, various toilet articles and some simple domestic remedies—the sale of which removed all suspicion from the minds of the Protestants and helped him to gain access to the homes of the Catholic families for whose spiritual good he was laboring.

One summer afternoon he set out on his oft-repeated visits to his children, as he lovingly called the little flock. On the way he recited his Rosary and managed to read his breviary as he walked along. Suddenly he was overtaken by a violent storm. He continued onward. But when the storm had ceased he perceived that he had lost his way. Night was fast approaching. He knelt and recommended himself to God and to the Blessed Virgin. As he arose from this fervent prayer he espied a light in the distance and resolved, with the help of God, to approach this light.

Resuming his weary way the brave missionary found himself before another half hour had elapsed at the door of a miserable cottage and saw that the kindly light was caused by the fire on the hearth within. He knocked and was promptly admitted by an elderly woman whose countenance showed mingled pity and surprise. Helping him to lay down his pack, and inviting him to put aside his coat and warm and dry himself, she entered another room, exchanged a few words with its invisible occupant and returned, bearing a large arm-chair.

Placing the arm-chair directly before the fire, she bade the stranger make himself as comfortable as the place and the circumstances would permit. After going back to the other apartment a second time and holding a longer conversation with the person within, the woman explained that her husband was there and that he was very sick. Then while commenting on the unwonted fury of the storm, she warmed a can of milk and gave it, with some oatmeal porridge, to the weary stranger. He learned from her that he was very far from the place

he had set out to visit, and when, after being warmed and refreshed, he rose to depart, his kind hostess declared that this would be impossible for him. He could not reach his destination that night on account of the pools of water which always made the way dangerous even after only a slight rain. "Gladly," said she, "would I offer you a bed, but the one that my husband occupies is the only one I possess; but you are most welcome to the arm-chair."

Inquiring further about her husband's illness, the disguised merchant gave her some remedies from his pack together with a few other articles. Each time she returned from her husband's room she returned with a very anxious look, and, reassured by the peddler's gentle ways, she confided to him that "Donald would not allow her to say the prayers for the agonizing, insisting that he would not die as yet." "The obstinate man will never give in," she said, "although I see all the symptoms of approaching death."

The Bishop with his eyes closed, as if asleep, was pondering over the woman's words, and at last asked himself: "Is it not a special Providence that has sent this fearful storm and caused me to lose my way and take another route?" In the dead stillness of night, while the sick man and his wife were conversing, a word dropped here and there, which the guest could not help hearing, made him resolve to see the sick man without delay. He invoked Our Lady Help of Christians and when a favorable moment presented itself he told the good woman that if her husband would accept his services he would gladly sit by his bedside and in the meanwhile she could catch a little repose in the arm-chair. To his delight the man seemed as grateful as his companion.

When the eyes of the Bishop met those of the sufferer he observed that the latter gazed upon him as if anticipating the realization of some strong and well-founded hope. Every now and then the invalid would cast upon the new watcher an intensely inquiring look, and at intervals he would murmur to himself: "It is too late for me now to be seized. There is nothing to fear from men now."

Seeing all the ordinary symptoms of the last agony, the good Bishop said: "Friend, why do you refuse to allow your wife to say the prayers that she seems so very desirous of reciting?"

"It is not time yet," replied the patient.

"Allow me to tell you, my friend, that I find your pulse very weak, very weak."

"True," rejoined the dying man, "but I have put my trust in God, and I shall not be confounded. Thirty long years I have daily said prayers that I may have the assistance that I need to die well and happy in God's favor."

"May I ask you," said the supposed peddler, "what those prayers were?"

"The Rosary," answered the patient, after a pause in which he seemed to doubt his prudence. "I dare say you have never heard of the Rosary," he continued as he held up in his trembling hand a well-worn chain of beads.

"Thank God, I have!" rejoined the Bishop, producing his own. "I, too, am a Catholic and a priest."

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Donald, calling his wife to impart the joyful information.

"God has heard your prayer," said the Bishop. "His Blessed Mother has sent me to assist you. See how faithfully your prayerful trust has been rewarded!"

The Bishop heard Donald's confession; anointed him and together they recited the prayers for the agonizing. In a few hours Donald was no more. The soul of this client of Mary and devotee of the Rosary had winged its flight to its God.

(Another excerpt from the notes of Father Laffineur, C.Ss.R.)

FROM PEKING TO PALESTINE ON FOOT

A Chinese Catholic from Peking has secretly divided his possessions among his sons and started to walk to Palestine ON FOOT. In six months he has traversed the provinces of Chihli Shansi, Shensi and Kansu and is now on the edge of China about to enter Central Asia. The Fathers at Lanchowfu tried to induce him to await with them the passing of winter, but the quiet white-bearded gentleman would brook no delay to visit the "land where Jesus died."

The hardest job a Catholic child faces is learning to be a good Catholic without the good example of his parents.

When to mischief mortals bend their will, how soon they find it instruments of ill.—*Pope*.

The House in Shady Hollow

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Set thirty or forty feet back from the avenue, it stands out as the most striking and beautiful house in the whole district of Shady Hollow, which progressive citizens have long since begun to call the Suburb of Mayfair. To approach it, you go down two shallow steps from the sidewalk, pass under a white pergola where the perfume of honeysuckle envelops you like a veil, and then along the assorted stone walk between banks and bushes of blossoming flowers. Larkspur heads reach out and touch you; pinks and carnations crawl out under your feet; dahlias stand up and look you in the face, as you pass between riotous rows of color and perfume. And as you stop before the front door of the house itself—a gay little bungalow for all the world like an enlarged doll-house, you wonder what kind of a story of romance built the walls and adorned the surroundings of this house in Shady Hollow.

I

Eileen Perry was comfortably ensconced in a large, plushy chair in the sun-parlor of the Perry home. Her bobbed hair was frowsy and tangled; her pretty face wore a languid, dreamy look; and a book—a best-seller—lay limply and forsakenly in her lap. The hero of the novel, alas! had just left the heroine in a parting scene of heartrending pathos; and Eileen had glanced ahead in the book and found that there were exactly one hundred and seventy-two pages of prosaic adventure to be read before the two lovers would meet again. She sighed deeply at the thought of it.

From the thought of the vicissitudes of the hero and heroine of the book she had been reading, she passed into the contemplation of her own troubles. The fact was, she had only one fault to find with life—with her life, anyway—and that was that it was so monotonously, consistently, unchangingly unromantic.

She craved with heart and soul for romance. She had for a "steady" a clean-cut, level-headed, good-looking young man, Bob Castle by name, for which every girl in her wide acquaintance openly and unashamedly envied her. But while she accepted his attentions and knew she liked him and would not think of giving him up to some other girl, she only wished he would bring some of the thrills of romance into her life.

She blamed him, rather vaguely and unreasonably to be sure, because he had not come charging into her life on a fiery steed, laying his enemies low to the right and the left of him. She blamed him because he had not saved her from a fiery or a watery or any kind of a grave—and thus won her love. Even though he was rich, she blamed him because in his coming into her life he had not had to pave his way with golden eagles.

So there she sat, thinking how lonely was her lot—how hard on her were the grinding wheels of life. Not an hour ago she had refused a date for a movie with Bob. She thought to herself that his voice had sounded rather queer over the wire; perhaps he felt that she was jilting him.

"What's the matter, Ell?" he had said. "Is there someone else?"

"Oh, no, of course not," she had answered; "it's just this: Mother has gone out to her Mother's, and she asked me to stay here until she gets back. Some other time, Bob," and she hung up the receiver.

But she did not put all the blame on Bob. He was so good, kind, dependable, ardent, and ordinary in his ways that he just did not happen to thrill her. Perhaps the fact that he was so acceptable to her parents was another reason. But for her fancied loneliness her mother got most of the blame; she had laid down the law with no mincing or disguising of words: Eileen was not allowed to go out with young men about whom she knew little or nothing—and without at first asking her parents about the person in question. Such an old-fashioned idea Eileen had never heard the like of among all her friends. Why, it absolutely cut off all chance of having any fun.

Eileen worked—was a stenographer, that is, in the Boston Store Wholesale Department. Naturally she came in touch with all sorts of young men there—had offers innumerable for shows and dinners and parties, but had never accepted one of them without her mother's consent. Her Catholic training had been too solid and fundamental to allow of such an act of disobedience. But in her mind now, she began to feel surges of revolt. How could a person, she wanted to know, ever get a taste of romance, or life, as she called it, if she had to know all about everybody she went out with beforehand?

She tossed the best-seller aside and gave way to the delicious feeling of the unfairness of her surroundings. Her hair was becoming more disheveled than ever, her countenance more determined and aggressive,

and the red flag of revolution was waving before her eyes, when the telephone screamed out in the adjoining room. Eileen bounced up and tripped out to take up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Is this Miss Eileen Perry?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Ben Chase—remember? Down at the Boston Store—met you yesterday at work? . . . Yes? . . . I thought you would. Here's why I called. We have a little party on foot—or rather on wheels—ha! ha!—just three of us—my sister, a friend of mine—myself and you'll make a fourth. Just a little drive out a ways—and then back some place for dinner and some dancing. Will you go? Be tickled to death to have you."

Eileen's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Her face was flushed and her lips dry—here was her chance—here was her idea of a little fun. She wanted, she longed to accept the invitation. But, she thought, what about her mother, her promise, her principle? She stammered something into the telephone. He took her inarticulate sounds for acceptance.

"Good—fine!" he broke in on her. "I'll call for you in about an hour! S'long!" and he hung up decisively.

Eileen called twice into the tube, but it was too late. For a moment she wandered about the room, thinking furiously. Dared she—could she—would it be all right—what about her mother—her refusal to Bob—all these thoughts were like a meaningless jumble in her head. She cut her way out of them with one stroke and came to a decision.

"Hang it all," she announced without dignity, "I'll go anyway."

She rushed upstairs to get ready.

II

Deep, dark, dismal despair was written in capital letters on the countenance of Robert M. Castle, Junior. He stood aimlessly on the sidewalk near the entrance to the Knights of Columbus club rooms, and gazed disconsolately into the lighted streets. From a distance of two blocks off even a stranger could perceive the cloud of gloom that enveloped him. The bottom had, as Bob expressed it with suicidal emphasis, fallen clean out of his life.

His mind harked back to the first stab of the evening. All through the busy day he had cherished the thought that he was going to spend

the evening in the company of the girl of his dreams, had, in fact, the date half made—only to meet in the end with her refusal. That had been hard, but he had swallowed his disappointment in thinking what a good girl was his Eileen, how faithful to her mother. But when—just one short hour after her refusal to him, Bob chanced to see her whisk by in a Cadillac, accompanied by a man whom he recognized as a notorious philanderer and another couple whom he did not reconize—then had the pillars of his life crumbled, and he had fallen into the abysmal despair out of which, he was convinced, there was to be no resurrection.

A hearty slap on the back almost drove him into the respite of unconsciousness. He recovered sufficiently, however, to turn and see Phil Carter, a school-boy companion who had grown up into a happy-go-lucky knight of the streets, smiling dazzlingly upon him.

"Great spirits of thunderation!" he boomed. "Why, O why, my dear Bob, all this gloom and depression? You look like a last year's straw hat left out in the rain!"

Bob did not have a great deal of respect for Phil, and this boisterous public approach did not add to what he had.

"Hello, Phil," he said drearily, without essaying an answer to his question. "How is everything?"

"K. O. with me," returned Phil; "but what's been eating on you, kiddo? Honest, you look like W. P. Gloom himself."

"Oh, nothing particular," lied Bob, without succeeding in communicating any deception.

"Girl?"

Bob glanced up hastily. Phil, in his knocking about town, had learned something of the art of reading faces; but more than that, he had picked up the science of tact. He had touched the sore spot in Bob's life, and he knew it; so now he glided quickly away from it.

"Listen, Bob," he said confidingly, as he placed one hand upon his shoulder. "What you need is a distraction. Luckily I know just the thing for you." His voice lowered. "Little old place out in Shady Hollow, where, boy, they serve you up the best glass of 'grog' you ever put a lip to. How about a jaunt thither?"

Bob's first reaction was one of repulsion. He hated drink—had learned from his father to let the "stuff" strictly alone. But after that first surge, the futility that had come into his life made him waver.

Perhaps there was something that would assuage the numbing sense of loss and affliction that had come upon him.

"What do you mean?" he asked, not because he misunderstood the suggestion, but because he found it hard to give way in one leap to what was to him a gross temptation.

Carter winked. "You know," he said. "Wasn't it old Dick Swiveller that said: 'Begone dull care and pass the rosy'? That's the ticket. Let's all aboard for the 'rosy'." And he seized Bob's arm and started to move.

"Wait a minute," said Bob—and then he suddenly decided. "My car's over here," he announced. Phil turned with alacrity and they entered the roadster.

"Shady Hollow, James!" mocked Carter, as Bob released the clutch and the car pulled away from the curb.

Close on to the outskirts of the city lay Shady Hollow, so named away back when it had been a thickly wooded, uninhabited place, whither few persons ever ventured after nightfall. Now, however, it was nearly entirely cleared, and seemed hardly lower than the town level, but it still retained its ancient name. Off the highway that cleared it was a low rambling structure. A driveway led into the grounds, over whose entrance was arched the announcement in fat round letters: "Shady Hollow Inn." The eighteenth amendment had but recently been passed, but it was known to many that the Inn would serve you with whatever you desired.

Bob drove his car into the enclosure. A screened-in, well-protected porch, crowded with tables and chairs, skirted two sides of the building, and within it a dance-floor occupied much of the available space. The place was fairly well filled with the usual evening crowd, and the class it catered to was not the best. Respectability was not a fine point with those who frequented Shady Hollow Inn. Carter chattered volubly as he and Bob entered a door at the rear of the side veranda; Bob remained sunk in a moody silence.

They took a table partly screened by some kind of a large plant, and Carter ordered the drinks. The words in which he did so were unintelligible to Bob, but ginger ale, whiskey and soda were set before them. Without ceasing his meaningless chatter, Phil began the mixing process. Bob's gloom was growing deeper.

The musicians struck up a fox-trot, and a dance began. Somewhere

in a far corner a woman's voice could be heard, raised in song. Bob looked around the gay company with a sardonic smile—that suddenly seemed to freeze upon his face. Not fifteen feet away from him he saw Eileen—his Eileen—seated at a table with the three persons with whom she had gone out. They were coaxing her to take a drink. The man next to her had her wrist in his hand—while she seemed to be shrinking from him. Pain and fear were written on her face. The girl across from Eileen drained her glass and then laughed scornfully. Bob thought he saw Eileen shudder.

Carter's voice went on—unremittingly. He pushed a highball across to Bob, and held his own at arm's length appraisingly.

"There's nothing like the old juice to raise a drooping spirit," he said. "Pshaw, Bob! what's a girl or two in a lifetime?" He stopped abruptly. "Hey!" he shouted.

There was a crash. Bob's arm had struck his glass as he turned. The yellow fluid sizzled in a wide stream on to the floor. The next instant Eileen stood beside Bob's chair—relief the only thing visible upon her face. She had looked up and seen him when his glass was broken, excused herself somehow—she herself did not know how—and come over to his table.

"Bob," she whispered, "get me out of here—please!" In back of her a rakish voice called out—"Eileen—Eileen!" Bob felt embittered. For a moment he did not move.

The look she threw over her shoulder was one of terror. "I'm afraid—O Bob—" she pleaded.

He stood up quickly. "You stay here," he commanded Carter, and for once the latter was silent. He merely stared.

"Come along, then," he said, and without looking at Eileen he made for the door.

They were in the car. They were speeding along through the dark streets—dashing through the glow cast by corner lights like something wild. In Bob, sitting there tense and rigid, with his eyes fixed on the road before him, was rising a sort of grim and desperate joy. He was saving her—saving her from her own folly, and something within him exulted. Then with a pang came the bitter thought—he was only her tool, her means to an end, her saviour from disgrace. . . . Well, he decided, he would save her all right—and then go out of her life forever.

And Eileen—if he could have seen within her mind—Eileen was a pitiful little bundle of sorrow and disillusionment and pain. She looked out of the corner of her eyes and saw Bob's hand upon the wheel. She would have given anything just to reach out and touch it. Romance, real, genuine romance, had rushed into her life as she entered that car with Bob, leaving the folly and consequences of a mistake behind her; but she felt, too, that it was about to go out of her life forever. He would never seek to make her his friend again.

They were nearing her home. Would it end this way—their acquaintance and friendship and even courtship—in a strained and silent parting, that might separate them forever? Suddenly, as Bob deftly turned a corner, they found themselves in the half dim light reflected from the window of a Church. Just as suddenly, out of the maze of bitter thoughts that filled her, a resolve formed itself in Eileen's head.

"Stop!" she managed to articulate. Mechanically Bob applied the breaks. Beneath a blue-gold window, only the lowest pane of which reflected light, the roadster stopped. Eileen stepped out.

"If you'll wait—?" Her voice stuck there, but it was enough. The massive door of the Church opened a tiny crack and admitted the sorry little figure of Eileen Perry within its shelter.

It was quiet, peaceful, soothing in there. Confessions were almost over—there was but one priest left hearing, and three or four persons were kneeling beside his box. Eileen made herself one of them.

It was queer how simple everything became as she knelt alone. That rush of anxious thoughts, of selfish regrets and fears had been left outside, and now it had all simmered down to the only one thing that really mattered: she had offended God by her disobedience, and she wanted of all things to get His pardon. Once she had that, she would let everything else straighten itself out somehow.

It was her turn now. As she drew aside the veil to enter the confessional, she did not see nor hear the silent figure that slipped into a pew in the church behind her. . . .

They left the Church together. The first thing she noticed was the fact that a thousand little stars were shining in the sky. The peace in her soul was as calm as they. But Bob saw only the stars within her eyes as he took her arm.

"I guess we both need to forget this evening," he said, and his tone was very gentle.

She tried to answer, but something—she did not know what—lodged firmly in her throat and obstructed her speech. She squeezed his hand beneath her arm possessively; and a glistening tear that he saw poised on her cheek told all that her silence had left unsaid.

III

One afternoon a week later Bob took Eileen out through the streets that had brought them home from Shady Hollow Inn. They talked and laughed over it now—and made fun of each other for the tragedy of that night. Bob stopped his car before the Inn.

"Did you hear about the raid?" he asked.

"Yes, the papers had it," she said, but the thought was in her words: suppose the police had come while she was there!

She looked toward the Inn. Men were at work there—tearing down the building. Boards were flying, hammers pounding, and the old structure was fast disappearing.

"Yes," continued Bob, "the police cleaned it out—and the next day it was up for sale." He turned to watch the effect of his next words. "I understand it has been bought by a young man who's going to put up a bungalow there, and go in for housekeeping." His eyes twinkled as he watched her.

"Won't that be nice?" she answered innocently. "Do you happen to know the person who bought it?"

"Why, yes," he announced, as he put his hand upon her arm, "I did, Eileen. . . . For you—and me!"

* * * *

For a long time it was the only house in Shady Hollow, although the real limits of the city itself were only a stone's throw distant. But gradually the town moved out that way, until now the former road is an avenue, and the district a suburb, and its citizens form a spirited portion of the commonwealth. . . . But as you stop at the front door of the house, you will most likely hear laughter and song and children's happy voices resounding through the house. And before long you will meet a pretty, young-looking, constantly smiling housewife, probably with her sleeves rolled up and her hands busily engaged even while she talks to you, whose story, if she is feeling confidential, will be one of a true and lasting romance, that was found in the moment when it seemed to be lost from her life forever.

(THE END)

Ramblings on the King's Highway

C.Ss.R.

She is all alone now. Two sons are on foreign missions and a daughter is far away teaching little ones the ways of God. It was on Christmas I paid her a visit. She is poor, as she always was, poor in this world's goods but rich beyond compare in her love and trust in God.

"Lonesome, Father dear, yes, of course, I am at times. I wouldn't be human if I didn't get lonesome for my own dear children now and then. But don't you know that's the only way I feel at all like the Blessed Mother of God. I think of how lonesome She must have been when Jesus was away healing the sick and preaching to the poor. And like our Blessed Mother must have done, I pray for God's blessing on the work."

What a reunion that will be in Heaven when that Mother meets her children whom she gave to God. In contrast to her is another Mother I know. She wanted her children to be better than others in a merely worldly way. She sent them to fashionable schools, but schools where religion had no place in the curriculum. They are all at home with her, all occupy prominent places in society. But Mother is alone none the less. She is relegated to the kitchen or the privacy of her own little obscure room, when her grand and mighty children are entertaining their brilliant companions.

"Mother is so crude and uneducated, she is simply impossible."

"As you sow, so shall you reap." It was the King Himself Who said that.

* * *

His first drink and his first wild party. What a wonderful night he chose for this escapade, this voyage into the haunts of sinful pleasure. There was a Mission going on in his church and he should have been present this Saturday night to dedicate himself to the Blessed Mother. He was driving a car, driving with the mad recklessness of semi-intoxication. A crash. Strange, he should be the only one seriously injured. Or was it God's punishment? He seemed to think so, as he lay gasping out his life in a hospital emergency room, while surgeons, priest and Sisters stood by helpless to save him.

"But, thank God, I had a chance to save my soul," he murmured.

* * *

They are not forgotten, those words of the humble little nuns in the classroom, even though the errant pupils may for long years neglect to practice what Sister taught them. There is little enough of consolation in the life of a teaching Sister, God knows. Have you ever considered the deadly monotony of their life, day after day, teaching the same lessons to the children, little of recreation in their few spare hours, nothing to distract their minds from it all. From classroom to convent cell and chapel, from the chapel to the classroom. But our debt to them can never be paid. In mature years we come to realize this, but then it is often too late to show our gratitude. Not always, though. At a recent funeral of a nun who had been unable to teach for at least ten years, most of which time had been spent in a hospital bed, the church was thronged with men. Men of high and low degree, but all former pupils of hers. Their tribute of gratitude was entirely spontaneous. No notice had gone forth of her demise save a brief mention of the fact in the obituary column of a daily paper. After the Mass of Requiem these men vied with one another in extolling the simple, humble soul. All the good in their lives they credited to her influence exerted in boyhood. You see, she had prepared every one of them for First Holy Communion. That is one event in life a man never forgets, drift as he may from boyhood piety.

* * *

Our humble little church was filled with notables of the world of sports today. A champion of the world, a prize fighter, was being buried. Very human had he been and his escapades had often been front page news in the daily papers. "Colorful," they called him. But in his own peculiar way he had loved his Faith and had never forgotten God. As he expressed it, "When I meet with an accident in my car, or when I forget myself and take too much liquor, that's news. That gets the front page. But the papers don't mention that I go to Mass every Sunday and they don't care to tell it when I lend a helping hand to a poor man."

Strange how a man like that can win such genuine affection and respect from his fellows. Thousands of miles some of the mourners in Church had come to be present at his funeral. "Was he ready?" seemed to be the question on every lip. Yes he was ready. Seemed to have had a premonition of death. Put all his worldly affairs in order and then looked out for his soul. He met death, this rugged, two-fisted

fighter, with the same simple courage with which he had so often stepped into the squared circle. It was strange to see athletes whose names are household words in the U. S. A. producing Rosaries and praying devoutly during Mass. Striking was the respect they showed in Church. Curiosity seekers thronged and milled about some of them, but they refused to utter a word and impatiently waved would-be handshakers aside, as they marched with measured tread behind the coffin of their pal, their pal even though he had beaten many of them into unconsciousness at one time or another.

There was no eulogy but when the celebrant of the Mass remarked simply, "Friends, you would all like to do something for the deceased, but he is beyond any temporal help now. If he could speak from the coffin he would make only one request, 'Friends, pray for me.' Surely you will not forget to do that." There was a deep sob and a torrent of tears such as only strong men can shed in genuine grief.

* * *

Present at the funeral of our pugilistic parishioner were two priests who spoke only broken English, very much broken English indeed. We put them down as clerical notoriety seekers, trying to get into the spotlight. The funeral was delayed by the thousands who thronged the streets and blocked the entrance to the church seeking a glimpse of the athletic notables who attended. Waiting in the Rectory for word of the approach of the funeral procession, we ventured to question our foreign friends as to the reason of their coming. We hardly felt that they had a real interest in a pugilist, world champion though he had been.

"Did you know the dead man?" we asked.

"Only one time have we met him," was the reply. "One time Sunday he come to our Church in de country for Mass. She rain hard dat Sunday and de roof she leaka verra mooth. After Mass deesa man come to priest house. 'Hey, fadder,' he say, 'for why you no fixa da roof on da church? Is a bigga da shame for God's house to leaka lak dat.' We tell him we no gotta da mon." How much costa fixa da churcha good? he aska. We tella heem costa mebbe fifteen thousand dollars. People no giva da mon, gotta da bigga strike. 'All righta, he say, and he writa da check for fifteen thousandsa dollar. 'Here fadder,' he say, 'fixa da church but you no tella nobody I giva da mon.'"

Harry's life contained more than one incident like that. Surely

when he took such an interest in "God's House" on earth, God found some place for him in His "house" in the skies.

* * *

At the cemetery after Mass our altar boys received the shock of their young lives. A world champion held the holy water sprinkler for the priest and as the cortege was leaving the cemetery, the altar boys shyly approached him. He shook hands with them smilingly and then remarked:

"Boys, you had better brush up your ceremonies for Solemn High Mass. You made three mistakes in serving this morning." And he proceeded to tell them in detail wherein they had failed.

* * *

Lest the world think all our best people are prize fighters or politicians, I had better mention Dr. N. Doctor's name is one to conjure with in the realm of scalpel and operating rooms. He has saved hundreds of lives by his uncanny skill. But he takes not a whit of credit to himself. Daily Communion is his secret source of strength. His chief joy in life consists in hunting out Retreats for laymen and in making them with a fervor worthy of a novice in an Order of strict observance. He claims his success as a surgeon dates from the day he was in audience with Pope Pius X and was bold enough to ask the saintly Pontiff to bless his hands for their work for humanity. Only one thing seems able to disturb him at all. If he has to operate on a priest or nun, he goes about asking humbly for prayers and approaches the operation with fear, though never with trembling. When reminded that God's own are, after all, only human beings with the same ills as others, he remarked: "True, but consecrated to God, as they are, to me they are more than human. They are supernatural beings. So great is my reverence for them that I feel unworthy to touch them, even though it is to help and heal them."

Ours is called the Age of Indifference, but lest we grow cynical, we ought to reflect now and then on the marvelous examples of Living Faith that abound in every parish.

* * *

Caught a big fish today. That means in clerical off-stage parlance that success was attained in getting someone to their duties who had neglected the Sacraments for a long time. But, then, I didn't catch the fish after all. The credit goes to a layman who has often proved

himself an Apostle. He told me the case and took me to my quarry who was placed in such a position he could not escape my lecture. This lay Apostle led me into a theater and guided my steps up a ladder to what is called "the gridiron," a platform high above the footlights, where certain ropes and lights are manipulated. A performance was going on, and while actors and actresses strutted their bits before the audience, to the tune of jazz and an accompaniment of feet tapping out a dance, I preached to the wandering sheep, as he performed his share of stage work. Just foolish and a little stubborn and afraid to talk to a priest after a long absence from the Sacraments. He surrendered easily and promised to come to confession between performances. The lay Apostle wouldn't take his word for it and drove him in state in his limousine to the Rectory. This isn't the first fish this Apostle has captured for God. Strange they never seem to resent his interference. But, then, he practices what he preaches.

Nowhere can the Good Shepherd find His lost sheep but in the hedge of thorns which is called: TRIALS.

AN OCTOBER ROSE

Bloom on for us—
Thy perfume shed,
Sweet rose, upon an Altar laid
Tho' days have past it blows for Thee
Sweet Mother of the Rosary.

October winds
May not afface
The brightness of this gentle flower,
Whose perfumed breath a prayer shall be
Sweet Mother of the Rosary.

Then take our hearts
With this bright flower
And grant that we when life is o'er
In Heaven Thy Blessed Face may see
Sweet Mother of the Rosary.

—*Bro. Reginald, C.S.S.R.*

Sword And Cross

GENERAL LOUIS DE SONIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

No man can pass through this world without influencing to some extent, for good or for bad, those with whom he comes in contact. Sometimes the influence is silent and unobtrusive—much like the work of sun and air on a summer garden; again it is evident and intended, as in the social worker. But even here it is the inner conviction, shining through the good example, and backing up the teaching, that is really effective.

It is a remarkable fact, too, borne in upon us by history and the lives of holy men, that as a person grows in true love of God, true religion therefore, in that measure too does he grow in real, active love of his neighbor, flowering in an intelligent concern and tactful solicitude for the well-being of others.

This fact is clearly demonstrated once more in the life of General de Sonis.

APOSTOLATE OF GOOD EXAMPLE

We can imagine what an influence, silent but unmistakable, his character, his life, his bravery in battle and courage in misfortune, his manly piety, must have had on all who were drawn into the circle of his acquaintance, and especially upon those over whom, as officer, he had charge and command.

In previous chapters we have already referred to the religious and moral conditions of the time in which he lived. Religion was at a low ebb among the men of France. Scorn of the Church and in fact of all religion was the ordinary temper of government and army. In such surroundings moved de Sonis, religious to the core,—nay, devout by conviction,—unafraid, heedless of the possible consequences to himself.

Such religion, such piety, could not but be appreciated by every true man. A little incident will illustrate.

One day when he was superintending some operation to the horses of his cavalry squadron, one of the men uttered a foul blasphemy. Then quickly turning round and seeing that de Sonis was too far off to have heard him, he exclaimed:

"Ah, so much the better. If he had heard me, it would have hurt him too much."

De Sonis' principle was simple and straightforward. He let everyone see from the start what he was, and thenceforward lived up naturally but unflinchingly to his convictions. He tells us, for instance, on his first assignment to Algiers:

"I find myself on capital terms with my comrades. All the officers receive me most kindly, though I did not hesitate at once to profess myself a Christian. That is the essential thing; and that done, our good God takes care of the rest and rewards one immensely for the little one does for Him."

The priest at Mustapha where de Sonis resided for a while as military governor, gave this testimony to the quiet influence of his character:

"His apostolate consisted in making religion pleasant and attractive to his companions by rendering them every kind of little service . . . His interior life was more like a religious than a soldier. Constant prayer and frequent communion raised him daily nearer and nearer towards perfection. All I can say is, that whenever my ministry brought me into closer contact with this soul, I felt myself inspired to greater zeal and devotion towards my duties as priest and missioner."

Though he never made any attempt to conceal his piety, he never let it become obtrusive. For instance, when on his Italian campaign, his marches brought him near a church in some little Italian village, he always took advantage of it to go to Confession and Communion and to make an early morning visit to the church. This made one of his subordinate officers write:

"All this was done with the greatest simplicity and modesty. He never spoke of these little pilgrimages, but neither did he make a mystery of them. Everyone knew that he went to take the orders of the 'Great Commander', and do his duty to Him before undertaking any other."

MOULA-ED-DINE

This simple, unaffected, straightforward and unflinching adherence to all the practices of his Faith, impressed not only his French comrades, but even the Arabs among whom his campaigns and commands, to a great extent, were spent. Thus we find an officer writing at the time of de Sonis' appointment to the governorship of Laghouat:

"No one could have been chosen who would do as well as de Sonis. As a thorough Christian, he imposed respect on the Arabs, who, seeing

the impiety of our officers, used to call them 'sons of dogs'. His thorough knowledge of Arabic (which he had studied from the time of his arrival in Africa in order to do his work more effectively) enabled him to deal with them directly; while his disinterestedness and his bravery were a continual source of admiration to them."

Another French officer, who worked under de Sonis during his second period of command at Laghouat, wrote:

"During the nine years I have been employed in the Arab bureau, I have constantly heard the Arabs speak of de Sonis in terms of the most respectful admiration. What specially struck the natives was his religion, which was so earnest and remarkable. When they pronounced his name, they call him 'Moula-ed-dine', which means 'a master of faith and piety'. It is an appellation which they reserve for the most honored among their own chiefs."

Let one of the natives tell us what they thought of him. Lakhdar-ben-Mohammed, one of the Aghas, says of de Sonis in a letter:

"He was a just man in all his actions, his words, and in his commands. During his time equity reigned and the rights of all were respected.

"His goodness towards the Arabs was great. He knew their language thoroughly and their books were open to his eyes.

"Lies and calumnies found no place in his mind. By him all affairs were peacefully settled, and all hearts were full of joy. No one showed such intelligence in council, and his mind was so clear that he understood everything which was brought before him.

"He was tender towards children and indulgent towards the old. Never did he send away empty the beggar who pleaded for alms.

"He was a noted warrior, and victory followed on his steps.

"He was the most brilliant of horsemen, and rode magnificent black mares, which he alone could mount.

"His piety rendered him pleasing to God, and his deep religious feelings increased our love and admiration for him

"Therefore we have served; and we never cease to speak of him, to glorify his name, and to bless him for the benefits he has bestowed upon us."

So well known indeed was this uprightness and justice of de Sonis among all the tribes, that when he was appointed Governor of Tenez, the Arabs exclaimed:

"We have at last got a good governor,—'iraf Rebbi; for he recognizes the power of God."

Which saying, by the way, contains a very deep lesson in statecraft.

We have seen how the very sight of his patience, when he lay wounded and mutilated on a cot in the old parsonage after the battle of Loigny, enabled others to bear their own sufferings with resignation. A mother for instance, who saw her boy—one of the Zouaves who made that last charge with de Sonis,—slowly dying of his wounds, found comfort for her broken heart at his bedside.

"It was by his bedside," she wrote in her sorrow, "that I learned the lesson of courage and strength which was so necessary to me, lest I should sink under my troubles. After having heard him talk, and seen what he suffered, I could go back to my darling, who was equally mutilated, and could inspire him with the faith and hope and courage which I had gathered from his General."

Such was the apostolate of good example which General de Sonis practiced during his entire career. His principles on this point he himself one day formulated in an address to the officers under him.

"Noblesse oblige!" he exclaimed, "I cannot bear mediocrity in a man calling himself a good Catholic . . . The good example given by a truly Christian officer is like a drop of oil in a regiment. Religion becomes attractive to those around us and below us, in proportion as we present it to them in an amiable manner; and God Who has loved you and given you so many graces, has done so that you may turn them to the profit of your neighbor. This neighbor I recommend to you with all my strength, as a soul which you must win for our dear Master—that Master so little known, so divine, so adorable to those who have penetrated into His Heart; but also so much to be feared by those who will not take up His cross and follow Him."

De Sonis, however, was not satisfied with this apostolate of good example. That idea of his neighbor—"as a soul which must be won for our dear Master" was too dynamic to stop with that. From the very beginning, and wherever he was, he interested himself for others, chiefly however, when his position as officer enabled him to work more effectually on his subalterns. It always gave him occupation for his leisure time.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

From the very beginning of his career, even in the early days of his married life, he took an active part in the activities of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. He joined at Limoges, two years after his marriage; and remained a member till his death.

"Not only did he attend the Conferences with great regularity, but he delighted especially the visiting the sick poor in their homes. He would sit by their bedside, find out their wants, console them body and soul, raise their courage, fill them with hope and charity, and make the sacrifice of what he liked best to help them, for he himself was very poor."

Thus in one of his letters from those early days to his friend Louis de Seze, we read:

"My life here (at Limoges) with my wife and children is a most happy and peaceful one. I have got over the money difficulties which were such a trouble to me at Versailles, and I do not owe a farthing to anyone. I live very simply it is true; but we can live without running into debt, and that is a great thing: there are so many who have not bread to eat!

"I am even able to save a little for my dear poor, but I am often terribly sad at having nothing to share with them. Those who are rich and give nothing have much to answer for."

He even took one of the regimental wagons at times and went about the town collecting old clothes, linen and other things to supply the wants of the needy.

Nor did he, in caring for their bodies, forget their souls. To reawaken their faith and bring them back to God if they had strayed was always one of his most earnest concerns.

OFFICER AND FATHER

This love of his neighbor shone forth especially however, towards the soldiers under his command. He was exact and severe as far as military service was concerned; but in all his dealings honorable and just,—careful of their wants and ready to help them in any way.

"To abuse one's authority over those under one," he used to say, "is as mean as to flatter those who are above one."

He had the gift, too, which so enhances charity, to see the good of others. Only too often charity lacks luster because it lacks this power to appreciate others.

"I can never think without emotion of some of my young soldiers," he wrote. "They often edified me greatly and were really in the regiment the grain of mustard seed mentioned in the Gospel."

When death walked among his men in the wake of battle or epidemic, the heroic General, assisted the fallen and afflicted with all the care of a mother.

For instance, after his first battle in the Italian campaign of 1859, when the others sought their rest, de Sonis was found in the improvised hospital. "There he spent the whole night and the following day with the wounded, helping the surgeons, congratulating and cheering the men on their bravery, and always slipping in some little word of religious consolation. In a very few words he set before them the example of Our Lord as their model, their friend and their best teacher. Then he would suggest some short ejaculatory prayer, which he said with them, and when he left them, it was with loving words, or a blessed medal or some little Christian emblem."

Again, after the battle of Magenta an officer wrote concerning de Sonis:

"Soon our Captain disappeared and we lost sight of him till the end of the day. We found that he had spent the whole day in the hospital, giving help and religious instruction to the wounded and dying. Though he never said a word about it, and we respected his silence, we admired him all the same, and de Sonis became for the whole regiment an object of real love and veneration."

After the terrible battle of Solferino, in which he almost lost his own life, he wrote to his wife:

"I have been to the ambulance. All these poor wounded men were lying on straw in the stable of a farm, which is quite full. They die every minute. The surgeons are at work like butchers, but doing their utmost for the men. One of my poor fellows remained twenty-four hours without having his wound dressed; his thigh is broken in several pieces. Thank God, he was a Christian, and had been to his Easter duty before starting."

His care for the men when pestilence overtook them, as it did in Morocco, during the campaign of 1860, is a real revelation of the generosity and nobility of his heart. One of the officers described the camp at that time in a letter:

"Everything is wanting here,—chaplains, doctors, infirmarians,—

even water, for everything is dried up around us. But in the midst of all these miseries Captain de Sonis is in his element, which is charity. The more violent the epidemic, the greater is his selfdenial. The only temporal or spiritual consolations the poor sufferers received were from him, for he never left the ambulances day or night. Even after their deaths, it was he who performed all the last sad offices for them."

It was one of his deepest sorrows that the French government provided no chaplains for the army; he frequently made remonstrances about it, but in vain.

"My poor fellows are dying like flies," he wrote during the cholera, "and there is no one to say a word to them of God for their souls. . . . I do what I can for these poor dying men, and oh! what noble souls there are among them! The moment they feel themselves attacked, they turn to God, and many die as I should wish to die myself. Poor young fellows! They confide to me all their last wishes for their mothers, for their wives, for their friends; it is quite heart-breaking . . . I do all I can to encourage them, to speak good words to them, to give them my crucifix to kiss, and so on; and the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been my great help."

ADMIRED BY THE NATIVES

To the Arabs under his rule when commander of Tenez, Saida, Laghouat and other provinces, he showed the same Christian charity. He was first of all just in his dealings with them, so that they called him the "really just man." He could not be bribed. This was known and won him the confidence of the natives.

One day, an Arab, richly dressed, came to him and asked for the post of Caid, which is a function greatly coveted by ambitious Mussulmen. Finding that his request was not very favorably received by the Governor, he suddenly lifted his burnous, and pointed to a large bag of five-franc pieces with a significant smile. De Sonis bounded from his chair, called his guard and ordered them to take the Arab and put him in prison for a fortnight, "for having insulted the Commandant." This act was instantly known among the tribes, with the reason for it, and made a deep impression. "This extraordinary man is incorruptible" they exclaimed, and venerated him the more.

On another occasion, when some French officers engaged in an ostrich hunt, had destroyed some Arab property, de Sonis, as soon as he heard of it, investigated the matter and then gave the officers the

alternative either to report to the General or pay the Arabs for their loss. Wherever he found negro slaves, he ordered that they should be freed; many of them he sent to Laghouat, where they were instructed and baptized and given decent employment.

ZEAL

His care for the moral and spiritual welfare of his men reveals almost the zeal of a priest. We cannot help, for instance, admiring the spirit of the following letter to his friend Lamy de la Chapelle:

"During my last expedition, I was allowed to help in the revival of a soul, which shook off its indifference with a really marvellous effort. The action of God's grace was so evident in this case, and I saw it increase day by day. I became deeply attached to this child, for he is still a child. He was a sub-lieutenant of Zouaves, brought up at La Fleche, where, contrary to the tone of the school, he preserved his habits of piety, so that he used often to go and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during his hours of recreation.

"Then his good principles were stifled by human respect and bad companions. But he had always preserved his virginal purity, which gave me from the first the greatest confidence in his conversion. After a three-months struggle, he yielded his whole heart to God. May His Holy Name be praised! At the end of the expedition (in the African desert) he left me to go back to Algiers, where I recommended him to the Jesuit Superior of that town. This good Father has given me a most touching account of his conversion and Communion, while the poor child himself has written me a long letter on the subject, which I have read and re-read with ever increasing pleasure. Oh my dear friend, what a great thing is a human soul! And yet, in these days how little do people think about it!"

No wonder that mothers recommended their boys to this man and a number of letters which the General wrote to the parents or relatives are still preserved to show with what fidelity and wisdom he performed his part as Big Brother to these young lads. He was a man's man, and he wanted to see these young officers develop manly qualities in their characters.

"How much more than the praise of this or that Solon," he would say, "do I prize steady work and serious reading, which raises a man's mind, improves his intellect and makes him useful in his generation. How I love to see in very young officers solid piety and frequentation

of sacraments, without which we are but broken reeds. But alas!"—he concludes with a sorrow akin to that of Our Lord's over the city of Jerusalem—"alas! is it not like speaking Hebrew to say this to these young fellows nowadays!"

He did not by any means neglect their exterior bearing and manners, as a letter to the mother of one of these young officers, shows us:

"I have taken pains with his exterior, so as to add to his natural air of distinction, being fully persuaded that, even in such matters, a Christian, living in the world, should try to be as perfect as possible, and that from a supernatural motive, which has nothing to do with human vanity, but simply for the greater glory of God."

A little incident told by one of his daughters, reveals at once the tenderness hidden beneath his stern, soldierly bearing, and the confidence his men felt in him.

Once, while they were living at Orleansville, during de Sonis' African campaign, when the General was playing ball with his daughter in the hall of the officers' quarters, a poor soldier approached him, tears in his eyes.

"Ah, captain," said the poor fellow, "What shall I do? My poor, dear mother is dead."

De Sonis took the man in his arms, led him into a little room, where he remained for a long time consoling and strengthening him, till he had brought him to a calmer acceptance of the Will of God. In all their troubles it was to de Sonis that the men invariably turned for advice and comfort.

A young officer who served under him characterizes him in the following words:

"He was continually examining himself and striving to acquire the virtues in which he thought himself deficient. Impetuous by nature, he was always trying to learn greater calmness in his ways and in his acts. He rarely judged his neighbor; but if compelled to do so, he always distinguished between character and talent. No matter how remarkable the latter might be in a man, he never could be brought to admire him if he were mean or unjust in his dealings. Injustice of any sort was revolting in his eyes.

"Full of charity toward the poor, he gave them all he possibly could, and often more than he could afford. I think he loved to remain poor himself, thereby to imitate more closely his Divine Master, Jesus Christ."

"What a man that de Sonis is!" exclaimed Colonel, afterwards General Marmier. "And what a determined Christian! . . . He is the most wonderful man in the army!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PERTINENT WORDS FROM HOME

The Holy Father, on the 24th of July, addressed a letter to the Bishops of Lithuania which contains some instructions that reveal the Catholic view on Church and State.

"Let Catholics therefore, in so far as they direct or participate in Catholic action—remember what our predecessor Leo XIII said so wisely and opportunely: 'Avoid the preposterous opinion of those who associate Religion with any civil party, even to such a point as to declare that those who belong to other parties have fallen from their Catholic name. This would be to drag party factions into the sublime field of religion, it would be to ruin fraternal concord, and to open the door to all kinds of fatal consequences.'

"In so far as they direct or participate in Catholic action, we said; because they cannot, as citizens, be prevented by any influence of the Catholic action as such, from using their civil right of suffrage as they wish. In fact, they would be failing in a grave duty if they did not to the best of their powers, take part in the political affairs of their city, province or state; all the more so because to use the words of the same Pope Leo XIII, 'Catholic men in obedience to the teaching they profess, are impelled to act with integrity and loyalty. On the other hand, if they remain inactive, others will easily snatch the reins, whose opinions would scarcely afford any hope of security.'

"But the clergy especially must separate Catholic action from political matters; for since their duty is to take care of the religious affairs of the entire people, it would be wrong for them to follow any faction; they should rather beware lest the dignity of the ministry be ruined in the conflict of parties, and lest those who belong to opposite parties, deceived perhaps by some, be alienated from their religion. If these rules be observed, Catholic action cannot suffer."

A great man's path is strewn with the things he has learned to do without.

A Saint For Mothers

DANIEL EHMAN, C.Ss.R.

Outside of the Catholic Church, motherhood seems to be growing unpopular. Within the Church, too, the responsibilities of motherhood are sometimes avoided. It is not the lack of appreciation of the grandeur of motherhood so much as the nameless fears, that make a woman avoid those responsibilities. It is easy to understand how a young wife with a bright future will fear to enter "the region of the shadow of death" (Isaias IX:2) alone, to give birth to a child. To help such a one overcome all these fears, we here recommend to her a faithful companion. He will assist her, not only in her hour of trial, but throughout her entire life. This companion is the youthful Redemptorist lay-brother, St. Gerard Majella.

It may seem strange that such a role has been assigned to such a Saint, for St. Gerard was unmarried, a virgin all his life, and he died at an early age. Yet, when we examine his life, we find there an episode that seems to throw much light on this mystery of God's Providence.

It was in the year 1754, and Gerard had just passed his twenty-eighth birthday. A shameless woman accused him of unchastity. She had invented this callous calumny with such diabolical cunning that the Saint's Superiors were unable to decide whether he was guilty or not. As a precautionary measure he was forbidden to have any intercourse with the outside world and was not allowed to receive Holy Communion! The holy Religious humbly accepted the penance and suffered in silence. His friends urged him to justify himself, but he only answered: "There is a God. It is for Him to see to it!"

And God did see to it. After holding His divine hand over Gerard for two months threateningly, He caressed him lovingly. The author of the calumny declared under oath that she had told a most heinous lie, and that Gerard was innocent.

As a reward to his faithful servant for this great humiliation, God seemed to have given him the special power of assisting mothers in their anxious hour. He who was reputed unchaste, now chastely assists the chaste in bringing forth "the chaste generation with glory" (Wisdom XIV:1), and God, by humbling His servant, has exalted him. "O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of

God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!" (Rom. XI:33-34).

Even during his lifetime St. Gerard possessed this wonderful power. One day the Saint had just departed from a certain home in Oliveto, Italy, when a young girl hastened after him with a handkerchief he had left on a chair. "Keep it," he said, adding in a spirit of prophecy, "it will be useful to you some day." The girl later married, and was on the point of dying with her first child, when she called for Gerard's handkerchief. The danger instantly passed and the child was happily born.

St. Gerard died during the night of October 15-16, 1755. Hence his feast is celebrated on October 16th, his birthday in heaven. After his precious death, the Saint's power to assist mothers continued to grow. A certain woman was reduced to extremity. She prayed to good St. Gerard and placed a picture of the Saint on her head. That night he appeared and said to her: "Courage, you are cured." The next morning the physicians found her in a state of perfect health.

As the years have progressed, the sphere of St. Gerard's influence has become wider and wider. He is well known to mothers in Europe, particularly in Belgium and France. The July issue of the French magazine *L'Apotre du Foyer* contains twelve acknowledgments to St. Gerard for favors received. Six of these were from grateful mothers. The May issue of the same magazine contained fifteen acknowledgments to the Saint, nine of them in thanksgiving for happy births. Read some of them for yourself: "Nimes, France. Thanks to Our Lady and to St. Gerard for the happy birth of our fourth child. We prayed that the expected might be a boy, so that one day he may become a priest. Our prayers have thus far been heard."

Another—this from Badonville, France: "Thanks to St. Gerard for the happy birth of a little daughter, our sixth child. We have named her Marie-Therese."

We quote one more grateful tribute to this good Saint. It is from St. Etienne, France. "The gratitude of a family is hereby offered to St. Gerard for the happy birth of their twelfth child."

These are only a few of the mothers St. Gerard has assisted in the hour of their greatest peril. But these examples show that St. Gerard is as powerful today as he was of old; and that he is still the "Wonder-worker" of our day; that he is most of all a Saint for mothers.

It is the earnest hope of the writer that Catholic mothers will turn confidently to this humble Saint in all their needs. St. Gerard will certainly assist them in every danger as he has assisted countless others. We earnestly pray God through the powerful intercession of His holy servant, to raise up good Catholic mothers for the greater glory of God on earth, and for the salvation of the immortal souls of their children.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE'S DISCOVERY

From his watchtower the vigilant editor of the Methodist Christian Advocate has been surveying the political field. In his paper for Aug. 16, he reports this significant discovery:

"Any one who has read the Roman Catholic press regularly since the national political conventions at Kansas City and Houston must have been impressed with the singular uniformity of the policy pursued by these many widely separated papers. It would seem that the editors—or some one in authority over them—had fixed upon a definite line of action, throwing all the stress in other pre-determined directions. For example, we look in vain in these journals for any expression of the very natural feeling of exultation over the nomination of a fellow religionist by one of the parties. The Hon. Alfred E. Smith is the able governor of a great commonwealth. Measured by every applicable standard he is an unusual man. The Church of which he is an ever loyal son might be pardoned if through its organs of publicity it gave vent to the joy which most Catholics feel that one of their number should have received the nomination. Yet the editorial comment on the subject has been very limited. Especially careful have the editors been to avoid urging their Church affiliations. It is as if the word must have been passed around that it would be poor politics for Roman Catholic papers to show enthusiastic support for a Roman Catholic candidate."

Our Methodist contemporary's discovery is proof from an unfriendly source that the Catholic Press is keeping out of partisan politics as a matter of principle. But this is in such glaring contrast to the Methodist Church's meddling in partisan politics, that he cannot explain the action of the Catholic Press except as the result of episcopal dictation.

It is all very amusing to the editors who have not received any order on this subject from their bishops. These Bishops take for granted that the editors of Catholic Publications have a little common sense.

Catholic Anecdotes

A CATHOLIC BOY TO A FREE-THINKER

The following incident is related in a recent Catholic Paper from Belgium:

"Not long ago, a Catholic boy was traveling in a railroad car from Brussels to Namur. In the same car was an infidel School-Inspector. On passing before a Catholic Church the boy uncovered his head, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew is kept in the church.

The Inspector, who, up to this time, had been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid by the boy to the House of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued:

"To be sure my little friend, you must be an altar-boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my first Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just now instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And please, what are these mysteries? I have forgotten all about mysteries this long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God in three Persons."

"Do you understand that my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mysteries three things are to be distinguished: to know, to believe, and to understand. I know, and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories. I believe only what I understand."

"Well sir, if you believe only what you understand, will you tell me this—how is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscles of my finger."

"This is—this is because—"

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger, and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ears?"

That was too much for the learned School-Inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed and muttered between his teeth. "Let me alone little fellow, you are too young to teach me a lesson." He resumed reading his newspaper and never took his eyes from it till his unpleasant little travelling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.

(N. B.—This little anecdote was found in the papers of the late Rev. Camillus Laffineur, C.Ss.R., under date of Thursday, August 16, 1883.)

HIS REPLY

Another beautiful story is told of Pope Pius X, who is now spoken of as a saint.

"Although revered and beloved by the greater number, Monsignor Sarto (later Pope Pius X), like all men in a position of authority, had enemies; and by one of these, a man of business, he was violently attacked in a book printed at Mantua. It was published anonymously, but the author's name was generally known. The Bishop refused to notice the attack:

'The writer deserves prayers rather than punishment,' he said.

When not long afterwards his enemy's business came to grief and he was reduced to poverty, Msgr. Sarto sent for a lady who was devoted to good works, and put a considerable sum of money into her hands.

"Take this to the unfortunate man's wife," he said. "Do not say that it comes from me; but if questioned, answer that the money is sent by the most compassionate of women—Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

As without faith it is impossible to please God, so without mildness it is impossible to please men, and to govern them well.—St. Bernard.

If we practically believed the presence of our Guardian Angel there would be more ladies and gentlemen in the world.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR

The September issue of the N. C. W. C. Bulletin, in an article full of information and inspiration, gives us a bird's eye view, so to speak, of our Catholic Schools in the opening days of the new year.

Try to visualize these schools, dotting the land from north to south, from east to west—in the large cities and in the open country—7600 in all—and imagine the boys and girls, young men and young women, fresh from vacation, wending their way to school.

Every September approximately 50,000 new pupils are received into our parochial schools—children, with minds just opening, leaving their mother's side for the first time, to get their first lessons. They will swell the great army of Catholic school pupils to 2,237,576. A splendid total, speaking volumes for our Catholic homes and the efforts of our Catholic people as well as of the sacrifices of the 57,835 teachers.

And yet, we are told, 45 per cent of the Catholic children of school age, are not enrolled in Catholic schools.

Into the high schools there march daily about 225,000 growing boys and girls, in the flower of youth, under 15,000 teachers to receive their secondary education.

While 90,000 young men and young women enter the portals of Catholic colleges to be prepared for leadership and Catholic action.

A chosen band of 10,000 young men, at the same time, turns its steps towards the preparatory seminaries, to prepare for the priesthood, while nearly 7,000, already nearing their sublime goal, enter the major seminaries of the land.

"For Catholics," says the writer in the Bulletin, "there is a certain solemnity attached to the occasion, and to the teachings of the Church. They think not only in terms of arithmetic, language, writing, etc., but instinctively encompass in their mental image of this new life the somber garb of the Sister or Brother, the drill in Catechism, the use of the Sacraments, but above all, the Christian atmosphere of the school . . .

"Truly September means more than books, teachers, schools and reports to the conscientious parent; it connotes the beginning or resump-

tion of a tried course of training, which has for its ultimate aim the qualification of his children for full service in the cause of God, his Country and of his God."

EX CATHEDRA

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, secretary of the Methodist board of temperance, prohibition and public morals, in an address before the annual Idaho conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Boise, according to the Associated Press report of Aug. 29, urged ministers of the church to actively oppose the candidacy of Governor Alfred E. Smith.

"Any Methodist minister who does not get into national politics in the next few months to defeat Smith is recreant to his calling," Dr. Wilson declared.

"I HEARD NO WORD OF ABUSE"

John Douglas Gordon, who writes a scanning the Stations feature for the New York World, had this to say in a recent issue concerning the Station WLWL:

"I listened last week to WLWL, the station operated by the Paulist Fathers, and, in contrast to some other religious stations, I was most agreeably surprised to find little to condemn and much to praise. Of the purely religious broadcasts I shall say nothing except that, unlike several of its contemporaries, it seems to confine itself to a definition and exposition of the positive teachings of the Church it represents—the Catholic. In that entire week I heard no word of condemnation or abuse or any other denomination. No one was accused of political intrigue, or immorality, or lack of patriotism, or of teaching evil."

Mr. Gordon is not the first to pay such a tribute to Station WLWL. Many non-Catholics have spoken in similar terms. We Catholics are not surprised that WLWL refrains from abuse of other denominations. We never hear such abuse in any of our churches. No matter what anti-Catholic preachers say of Catholics and their faith, the Catholic pulpit never retorts in kind. We attend to our own affairs. When Catholics go to church, they go to worship God and to hear His Word expounded. Catholic doctrine is taught, and there is no room or time

for misrepresentation of others or for political harangue. So it is in WLWL. Were it anything but courteous, fair and decent, it would not be a Catholic radio station.

TO THE POINT

The Brooklyn Tablet—in a recent issue, quoted some remarks made by Colonel L. B. Musgrove, whom it describes as a "millionaire, prohibitionist, and political leader of Alabama." His remarks were prompted by the religious issue injected into politics and the fear of Roman influence which so many are professedly, at least, putting forth for their anti-Catholic utterances and sentiments. The Colonel's remarks are to the point.

"The Roman Catholic bugaboo can be dismissed as ridiculous. The Pope we all know cannot control the Italian government. If he cannot control the government at Rome where the people are 90 per cent Catholic, how can he control America where only one out of seven is Catholic?"

SPIRITUALITY IN THE UNITED STATES

When the report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was made public it was shown that the United States contributed as much as all the rest of the world together to the msision cause. This was surprising and gratifying, but not either so surprising or gratifying as the recent report of Apostolate of Prayer made to His Holiness the Pope showing that the United States leads all the world in prayers made according to the intentions of the Holy Father. In the magnificent album presented this year to the Holy Father by the Apostolate bearing the title "Spiritual Treasure of the Apostolate of Prayer," the figures with respect to the prayers offered in the various countries to promote the intentions of the Holy Father are given. The magnificent total of the Catholics of the United States is 522,260,904, Italy being next with 22,465,337, France next with 11,893,994, and the rest trailing far behind.

It has been the custom of distinguished literary men and not a few clergymen visiting the United States to pay tribute to the wonderful charity of the American people, but at the same time to deprecate their

spirituality. The figures on the prayer offerings of the various countries to promote the Pope's intentions demonstrated, at least as far as Catholics are concerned, that Americans are not mere money makers of generous disposition towards charitable purposes, but that they are deeply concerned about the spiritual things of life and that they do give their time and offer their prayers to promote spiritual things.

It is indeed a heartening thing to have this evidence of the spiritual inclination of Catholic Americans, which we think, is not confined to them, for the nation that is concerned only with its prosperity and not at all with the development of its soul is on the way to decadence.

ONE MOTHER'S IDEA

The N. C. W. C. sponsored an essay contest recently among the various study clubs affiliated with it.

The first prize went to a mother who wrote on the meaning and importance of "The Christian Family." Here is a paragraph which shows how this mother conceived the ideal Catholic home:

"In the Christian home, God and the things that are God's are always spoken of with respect and veneration. There is deeply implanted in the childish mind that first and above all things comes duty to God. In a home where that policy is pursued, where religion is always spoken of with respect and with affection, where the priesthood is honored, where prayer is regularly said, where God is thanked constantly for the blessings of health and strength, where reverence for the Church and sympathy for her hard fight in the world is freely expressed, where solemn warning is given at frequent intervals against the dangers of the times and the conditions and surroundings, where children are continually impressed with the importance of being truthful and good—there, in that home, is an atmosphere which has its inevitable effects on the soul, heart and mind of the child as cold or heat has on its body.

"That is the Catholic Christian atmosphere; and that is the atmosphere of the truly Catholic home.

Archimedes said that if he had the fulcrum whereon to set his lever he could move the earth. We have that lever—prayer. We have that fulcrum also—Christ's promise. And we can move not only the world, but God Himself.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help STORY OF THE PICTURE (Continued)

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Such then is the real meaning of our Picture. And here we may naturally ask, did such scene as here depicted, that is, the presentation by two archangels of the Passion instruments to the Child Jesus resting in His Mother's arms, ever take place? Or, in other words, was the artist painting an Historical fact? No, not at all; for nowhere—so far as we know—either in Sacred Scripture or ecclesiastical tradition is such an event recorded. The position of our Lady's head, moreover, clearly indicates that the artist did not intend to portray an actual occurrence. If he did, he would have painted our Lady looking down at her affrighted Child, as she would most naturally have done under similar circumstances, and not looking out from the Picture at those praying before it. Not a fact did he wish to paint, but simply a picture suitable for veneration. However he does not leave our Lady entirely neglectful of her Child: he tilts her head as if to signify thereby that she is leaning over Him to protect Him, and half-closes her eyes to indicate the greatness of her sorrow which seems on the point of bursting forth in streams of sympathetic tears. How well the poet has put it!

"And for Him thine eyes are pleading,
While to us they look and cry:
'Sinners, spare my Child! Your Savior
Seek not still to crucify'."—B. T.

But though the artist did not wish to paint a recorded fact, should we look upon it all as merely fiction, without any historical foundation, a pure fabrication of the phantasy? By no means. He had copious and ample material—sources if you will—from which he could, and most likely did, draw his inspiration for this charming theme. Let us classify these sources as biblical, liturgical, and such as arose from the circumstances of time and place; and treat them accordingly.

That Christ, even as man—for as God there exists no doubt—knew

of His future sufferings and death in the days of His infancy we have ample assurance from Holy Writ. Recall the words of the psalmist, which Jesus in company with His Mother, who spent much of her time in memorizing the Scriptures, must have read and re-read many times: "My sorrow is *continually* before me." That Mary too was acquainted with her Son's awful end, we know from Simeon's prophecy in the temple, for when she presented him her Son, he said: "Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce." Moreover St. Luke expressly tells us that "Mary kept all these words"—words of poignant grief—"pondering them in her heart." Hence it is true that Jesus and Mary were in sufferings not only during those three bitter hours on Calvary—the saddest hours of time—but endured this agonizing thought all their lives—for us!—and we all know the torture of anticipated pain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to make public thanks to the Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor received, and will appreciate your publication of this acknowledgment in the coming issue of THE LIGUORIAN.

The favor granted was an advantageous purchase of a piece of real estate in which transaction there were many obstacles and with the help of the Mother of Perpetual Help these were all overcome. Thanks to our Mother of Perpetual Help.—K. T. Z.

"Grateful thanks to our dear Lady of Perpetual Help who answered another of our prayers. She is ever with us to help us."—Chicago.

There are little things that leave no little regrets. I might have said kind words and perhaps have done kind actions to many who are now beyond the reach of them. One look on the unfortunate might have given a day's happiness; one sigh over the pillow of sickness might have insured a night's repose; one whisper might have driven away the furies of despair.

There are void spaces in the night sky, but if we gaze patiently the stars will float out and fill them; and if we gaze patiently at our sorrow, God Himself will come into it with all His beauty.

Catholic Events

It is two years since the 28th International Eucharistic Congress convened in Chicago. Because of its magnificence and because of the immense throngs that gathered there, it still lives fresh in our memories, and still is the subject of conversation, as one of the greatest events of our generation.

Now we hear of the 29th International Eucharistic Congress, just closed in far-away Australia. And once again—though the attending throngs may not have reached the astounding totals of the Chicago celebration—we note the same spirit pervading: nothing was left undone to make a most splendid open profession of Catholic Faith in the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

At that, such was the splendor lent to the occasion, such the crowds that attended, such the evidence of our common Faith, in the distant island, that we gain a new and almost startling idea of the universality and unity of the Church.

Newspaper reports tell us that it was the most remarkable religious demonstration that section of the world has ever known. There was a children's general Communion at which 30,000 received; at the women's Mass, approximately 250,000 attended; there was a great procession (who does not think of Mundelein?) in which 25,000 marched; there was the closing benediction at which 100,000 were present; there was the children's Mass witnessed by upwards of 200,000 people; there was a great assembly of men, at night, at which "the flickering flames of 100,000 candles, stretching away from the altar like a massive sea of fire, furnished the only light," and so on.

American Catholics were well represented, and not least by the "spiritual bouquet" presented to the Papal Legate, recording 22,000,-000,000 good works offered by American Catholics for the intentions of the Holy Father.

Cardinal Ceretti, who was Papal Legate at the Eucharistic Congress in Australia, will visit the United States on his return to Rome, during the latter part of November.

* * *

The British Association for the Advancement of Science is one of the foremost scientific organizations in Great Britain. Last year, if you remember, Sir Arthur Keith, its president at the time, declared that science knew nothing of a soul or an after life. And those who were glad to say it, said: There, science is atheistic! This year, Sir William Bragg, an equally great scientist and the present president, told his audience in unmistakable terms that man has a soul and that "science is not setting out to destroy the soul, but to keep soul and body together."

"There are some who think that science is inhuman. They speak

as though students of modern science would destroy reverence and faith. I do not know how that can be said of the student who stands daily in the presence of what seems to him to be the Infinite.

"Science is not so foolish as to throw away that in which the slowly gathered wisdom of the ages is stored. In this she is a conservative of conservatives."

And so, let us say: True science is believing.

* * *

The terrific hurricane which swept across the southern peninsula of Haiti, claiming scores of lives and devastating whole towns, has wrought appalling and widespread damage to Catholic edifices over the whole area affected. President Borno of the Haitian Republic, asked that a solemn Requiem Mass be said for all those killed in the storm. In one diocese, for instance, that of Cayes, 13 churches and rectories were destroyed and 72 chapels razed to the ground. Late reports were that 72,000 people were exposed to famine. The population of Haiti is virtually Catholic.

* * *

Twelve missionaries have met violent deaths in China in the past five years. Father Melotto, Franciscan, killed by brigands, in 1923; Father Pitton, killed by brigands, in 1924; Father Achille Soenen, killed by revolting soldiers in 1923; Father Maignez, killed by soldiers of Honan in 1926; Father Ruyffelaert, murdered near Soei-yuen, in 1926; Father Lauwens, killed near Si-wan-tse, in 1926; Fathers Dugout and Venara, Jesuits, killed by the soldiers at Nanking, in 1927; Father Joseph Hou, a native priest of the Vicariate of Ki-nan, killed for the Faith, in 1927; Father Van den Bosch and a Chinese priest were killed with six other Catholics, September 30, 1927; Father A. Juliette, killed by brigands on the Island of Hai-nan in January of this year.

* * *

The Administrative Committee of the N. C. W. C. at Washington has received two cablegrams from Porto Rico, telling of widespread damage to Catholic properties in the terrific hurricane which visited Porto Rico and adjacent islands.

The first cablegram was from Rt. Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, Bishop of Ponce. The second was from Very Rev. Joseph E. Murphy, C.Ss.R., Vice-Provincial of the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge of a large number of churches and chapels in Porto Rico and care for all the parishes of the Virgin Islands, which were badly hit by the hurricane. Father Murphy cabled:

"Eleven Redemptorist Chapels destroyed. Many parishioners without homes."

News has also been received that all the Fathers in the Island and all the Sisters are safe. The School Sisters of Notre Dame are in charge of many of the schools.

* * *

The willingness and eagerness of Mexican Catholics to co-operate fully in the reconstruction of their country as soon as they are granted liberty of action has again been affirmed in two memorials presented

to President Calles, and in a petition advocating the amendment of the religious laws now in force.

The leading memorial is by Ladron de Guevara, a prominent Mexican figure, who tells the President that he has been laboring for some time to bring about the co-operation of various groups for the welfare of Mexico. Accompanying his statement were eight others, representing the major groups in Mexican life. One is headed "The Catholic Priests" and is signed by nineteen names; the other is headed "The Catholic People" and bears 250 signatures. Both pledge Mexican Catholics to every effort for reconstruction and express the conviction that a solution of difficulties over religion can be found.

The petition presented to Congress asking amendment of the laws on religion is signed by 140 prominent Catholic laymen. It has been read in the Senate and is now before a Senate committee. The petition proposes that the laws on religion be amended to read:

"Article 3. Teaching is free. That imparted in State schools will be subject to terms established by law which will not be antagonistic to religion of those being educated by its practice. Said teaching to be gratuitous in the State primary schools.

"In private schools religion can be taught freely according to the dictates of parents, or in their name by those supporting or directing said schools.

"In government schools at the request of parents and tutors, classes in religious instruction can be opened under the care of persons considered to be competent by the former, but attendance is not obligatory unless the parents desire.

"Article 24. Everyone is free to profess any religious creed he or she chooses and practice its ceremonies, devotions or acts of its worship, provided they do not mean the breach of morality.

"Article 130. The State and religious denominations are independent of each other. The State recognizes the judicial personality of all of them. The State shall not legislate respecting spiritual affairs nor intervene in the management of religious bodies. They will not mix in matters appertaining to civil power

"Only civilly registered marriages shall enjoy the guarantees and benefits of the State laws." And so on.

* * *

Governor Alvan T. Fuller of Massachusetts (Republican), addressing the American Legion at their State Convention, said:

"You men know and remember that there was no inquiry as to a man's religion or nationality when he offered to die for his country ten short years ago. We must insist ever and always that there shall be no shaft of criticism leveled at him on this account when he offers to serve his country in the days of peace.

"I say to you gentlemen that you faced no worse enemies of America on the fields of France than Senator Heflin or Dr. Stratton. We must not allow our politics to be torpedoed by prejudice. The right of every citizen to worship as he pleases and to aspire to hold any office within the gift of the people, must be preserved and maintained inviolate."

Some Good Books

The Great Adventure. Lenten Lectures by the Rev. John McClorey, S.J. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.25.

Father McClorey is nationally known as a pulpit orator. The success he has achieved is enough to commend these six lectures on the attractive Personality of Christ.

But these lectures are more than sermons. They will serve as most interesting and profitable reading for everybody.

The firm of J. Fischer and Bro. certainly deserves high praise for the aid they are giving by their many publications to the spread of beautiful and devotional music in our churches.

Among other publications of theirs we refer with commendation to the following:

Missa Rosa Mystica by Vito Carnevali (or three equal voices).

Missa Brevis in honorem Sti Josephi for Mixed Voices, composed by Joseph J. McGrath.

Mass in Honor of the B. V. M. Opus 108, by E. Bottigliero (unison).

Missa Gaudens. Opus 22, by Martin G. Dunbar.

The House of Wisdom. A Cantata in honor of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat. Words by Sarah Brownson, Music by Theodore Heinroth.

Home, A Bird Fantasy. A One Act Cantata, with Old Celtic Folkmusic. Harmonized by F. C. Bornschein. Lyrics and Play by Francis P. Donnelly.

The Patriots. By Joseph Canon Guinan. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.50.

Canon Guinan describes a cross-section of Irish life during the War of Independence and the succeeding Civil strife of a decade or so ago. His characters are well drawn, his incidents dramatic and forceful—and the whole story of The Patriots ring true to the reality as seen and lived through by the Canon himself. However he seems to

have found it hard to live up to his promise of impartial reserve on the rights and wrongs of some of the events in question.

Extreme Unction. A Canonical Treatise. By Rev. Adrian J. Kilker, J.C.D. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Price, \$3.50.

The volume presents a scientific discussion of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, not a popular treatise. As such it is, moreover, very thorough and complete, for the author follows the canonical problems, in which he is directly interested, through all their "ramifications into dogma, history and liturgy," in order to secure a deeper understanding of the law. The result is very illuminating.

As the author notes, the treatment of these various problems is not exhaustive; but it certainly is an interesting and satisfactory summary survey of them. It will be of very great use to the student of theology, to the professor of theology and Canon Law, to the preacher and catechist.

The Hill of Triumph. A Story of Jerusalem in the Time of Christ. By the Rev. Leo Murphy. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$2.00.

The life of Our Saviour has perennial interest for every true Christian. And there is scarcely anyone who has read and meditated on the life of Jesus, who has failed to wish he could fill out the picture, as he wondered how the common people were impressed and affected by the personality and work of Our Lord.

Of course, there are indications of this in the pages of the Sacred Scriptures. But Father Murphy attempts to draw them to the life, by individualizing and dramatizing the contacts of Jesus with one or other family. It is very well done and the result is a gripping story and an increased reverence of Our Saviour.

Lucid Intervals

Eilie was in the middle of her singing lesson when her mother came into the room. She listened for a moment or two, and then broke in:

"Professor, how is my daughter getting on? Do you think she will make a great singer?"

The teacher coughed and seemed at a loss for a reply.

"It is very hard to say," he said at last.

"But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?" said the mother.

"Well," replied the professor, "she's got a mouth certainly!"

Druggist: "This medicine will make an entirely different woman of you."

Customer's Husband: "Take it Margaret—never mind the cost."

"The police think they've uncovered a new murder mystery."

"What are the circumstances?"

"Over at the library they found a man's nose buried in a book."

"This bed's too short."

"Well, don't sleep so long."

Nervous curate giving out notices: "The Vicar will continue his pleasant series of Friday evening addresses, and the subject next Friday will be 'Hell.' The Vicar hopes to see you all there. The collection will be for the new heating apparatus."

Lawyer—Can't you two settle this thing out of court?

Client—We've tried to, but the police always stop us.

"Say, waiter, I ordered strawberry shortcake and you brought me a plate of strawberries. Where's the cake?"

"Well, suh, that's what we is short of."

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked, "Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied, "No, sir; but I've got

'Who's He and What's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

Old Lady—You were drunk again last night. You've been sleeping with your feet on the pillow.

Old Man—Now I understand why I thought my head was aching. It was only my corns.

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It would not go at all.

"I can't think what's the matter," he said. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Henry, "cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."

"Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Well, son, you ought to be successful. That's all you've been doing since you started at college."

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

"Great Scott!" yelled a little man in the audience. "I wish you'd open a grocery store here."

Little drops of water
Little grains of sand,
Makes the mighty golfer
Swear to beat the band!

Here lies the body
Of Jonathan Deer;
He hollered "Fore!"
But his wife didn't hear.

The Bride offered him a biscuit,—
The coward feared to risk it.

Little Emily had been to school for the first time.

"Well, darling, and what did you learn?" asked her mother on her return.

"Nuffin'," sighed Emily, hopelessly. "I've got to go back tomorrow."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,406.67

* * *

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\$1,200.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,261.01; Mary
Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse,
\$59.63.

Books

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